

The Musical World.

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VOL. 48—No. 10.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870.

Price { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY
CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE. Vocalists, Miss Florence Lancia and Mr. Byron; Solo Pianoforte, Madame Schumann, Symphony, in G Minor, W. Sterndale Bennett (first time); Concerto, Pianoforte, Schumann; Overture, "Preiosa" (Weber); and Circassienne (Auber); Conductor, Mr. MANNS. Admission, Half-a-Crown. Guinea Season Tickets Free. Reserved Stalls, Half-a-Crown, now ready. Camellias, Lillies of the Valley, Hyacinths, Early Tulips, and other Spring Flowers, Centre Transept.

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UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

FIFTY-EIGHTH SEASON.

THE CONCERTS OF THE ENSUING SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE AT

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENINGS,

MARCH 16TH. | MARCH 30TH.

ON MONDAY EVENINGS,

APRIL 25TH | MAY 23RD | JUNE 20TH
MAY 9TH | JUNE 6TH | JULY 4TH

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STANLEY LUCAS, Secretary.

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THIS EVENING.

SATURDAY BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL. Director—Mr. JOHN BOOSEY. The Fourth Concert, This Evening SATURDAY, MARCH 5th. Artists—Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Blanche Cole, and Madame Patey; Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Carter, Mr. Fielding, and Mr. Chaplin Henry. Pianoforte, Chevalier Antoine de Kontski (Pianist to the King of Prussia). The Orpheus Glee Union, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Fielding. Conductor, Mr. J. L. HATTON. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s. and 2s.; Aros, 2s.; Orchestra and Gallery, 1s. Tickets to be had at St. James's Hall; of Boosey & Co., Holles Street; and the usual Musicsellers.

SATURDAY BALLAD CONCERTS.—On THIS DAY (Saturday), the First Part of the CONCERT will consist of Scotch Songs, and the Second Part of New Songs and Ballads.

SATURDAY BALLAD CONCERTS.—Madame SHERRINGTON will repeat, THIS EVENING, Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN's New Song, "VILLAGE CHIMES." "This song belongs to 'The Village Blacksmith' and 'Bell-ringers' school, and is destined to become popular in various Drawing-rooms."—*Era*. Tickets of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.—On Friday next, March 11, Handel's "JUDAS MACCABEUS." Subscription Concert. Principal Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Dalmaise, Madame Salton-Dolby, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Monten Smith, and Mr. Patey. Band and Chorus, on the usual complete scale of the Society's performances, will consist of 700 performers.—Tickets, 3s., 5s., and stalls, 10s. 6d., at No. 6, Exeter Hall.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—MADAME ARA-BELLA GODDARD will play W. STERNDALE BENNETT's Chamber Trio, on March 14th, with Herr Joachim and Signor Platti.

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THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Season, 1870.

Full Particulars will be duly announced.

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M. R. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT, MARCH 18TH,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Conductor, Mr. HENRY LESLIE. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s. Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street, and 43, Moorgate Street, City; Austin's, 28, Piccadilly; and all Music Publishers. Full particulars in a few days.

M. R. SIMS REEVES will sing BEETHOVEN'S "ADELAIDA," accompanied on the Pianoforte by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, who kindly gives her valuable services on this occasion. St. James's Hall, March 18th.

BEETHOVEN'S MASS IN D, AND CHORAL FANTASIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, AT ST. JAMES'S HALL. Milne, Rudersdorff, Millie De Saleswara, Madme. Salton-Dolby, Mr. Cummings, Herr Carl Stephan, Madme. Arabella Goddard. Band and Chorus of 350 Performers. Conductor, Mr. BARNEY.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony and area (numbered and reserved), 6s.; admission 3s., 2s., 1s., at Novello's, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; the principal music-sellers; and Austin's, St. James's Hall, where also may be had Novello's octavo edition of the Mass, price 2s.

M. R. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

M. DILLE. PIEGZONKA, MR. C. STANTON, and MR. LEONARD WALKER will sing RANDEGGER'S Popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("The Mariners"), at Westbourne Hall, March 8th.

MR. ROBERT BERRINGER will play his Grande Valse de Bravoure during the week at his Recitals of Pianoforte Music at the Crystal Palace.—N.B. Published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS JESSIE ROYD will sing the celebrated ballad by BENEDICT, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at Lewes, on Thursday, March 10th.

MR. HARLEY WINNING will sing at St. James's Hall, March 17th; and in the "MESSIAH," at Stroud, March 24th. For terms, address, 125, Regent Street, W.

MISS AMY WEDDLE will make her first appearance in London at Miss Berry Greening's Concert, St. James's Hall, on St. Patrick's Eve, Thursday, March 17th, when she will play WILLIE FAR'S admired fantasia, "IRISH DIAMONDS" (Introducing the Airs: "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," and "Garry Owen"). Address, 7, Whitley Villas, Penn Road, Holloway.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him as follows:—Theatre Royal, Glasgow, from March 7th to 20th; Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, March 21st to 26th.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to announce to her Friends and Pupils that she will give GUITAR RECITALS during the Season, when she will play Selections from the Compositions of Giuliani, Sor, Schulz, and her own. Terms for Lessons, and Private Musical Parties, Address, 38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MR. LEONARD WALKER will sing Herr KLOSS's admired song, "THE VALIANT KNIGHT," on March the 8th, at Westbourne Hall, Bayswater.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S QUARTETT PARTY.—
Violins—Herr Josef Ludwig, Herr Jung, Viola—Herr Eberwin; Violoncello—Herr Schubert. May be engaged for Concerts, Soirées, &c., in Town or Country. For terms apply to FRANK ROMER, JUB., Hon. Sec. Schubert Society, Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street, W.

M R. SIMS REEVES will sing BLUMENTHAL's popular song, "THE MESSAGE," for the last time previous to his departure for Italy, at his Benefit Concert, at St. James's Hall, March 11th.

M R. ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Baritone) may be engaged for Oratorios and Miscellaneous Concerts. Address—Nelson House, Slough.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting Engagements with his Pupil, Miss Bessie Emmett, to be addressed to Mr. J. TESCHILLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

"**LITTLE WILLIE**," by JULES BENEDICT. This charming new song (by the popular composer of "Rock me to Sleep") is now being sung with distinguished success by Miss EDITH WYNNE. Price 3s., and may be obtained for 19 stamps from the publisher, DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

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"**THE ABBESS**," sung by Miss Anyon, and "**FLY LIKE A BIRD**," sung by Miss Ferrari, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART's new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street (sent free by post for 19 stamps each).

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M R. VAN PRAAG begs respectfully to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Musical Profession, that he has the honour to forward his Annual Circular, acquainting them that he still continues to undertake the management of Concerts, Matinées, Soirées, and that he also superintends Balls, engages Bands, Choruses, &c. Mr. VAN PRAAG flatters himself after his many years' experience, and the ample satisfaction he has hitherto given to the Musical Profession and the Public in general, that he may again be favoured with their commands. All communications addressed to Mr. VAN PRAAG care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., at 244, Regent Street, W., will be immediately attended to. Quadrille Bands, for Large or Small Parties, supplied on the most reasonable terms.

In the Press,

Will be ready for Delivery MARCH 10th,
To be Played by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD at the SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT, March 12th.

"REVIVALS,"
No. 2.

Edited by J. W. DAVISON,

CONSISTING OF

W. FRIEDEMANN BACH'S
DRAMATIC FANTASIA.

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The Words by the Rev. W. NORVAL, M.A.

The Music by A. M'CARROLL.

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At her Pianoforte Recital in St. James's Hall, 17th June, 1869, and afterwards at the Monday Popular Concerts, on January 10th, 1870.

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(In E and A Minor and Major),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

EDITED BY

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CARL MARIA VON WEBER.*

(Continued from page 136.)

For his concert, Weber had his *Jubilee Cantata* studied in its entirety, in addition to the other pieces. Seated in a large arm-chair; wrapped up in furs; and apparently dozing, he listened to what was being done, restricting himself to merely giving a few hints in an under-tone; once only, he seemed to recollect the happy days when he commanded his musicians of Prague and Dresden. "Gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "pray stop! would you holla like that in Heaven?" Moscheles, Hawes, Smart, and Fürstenau, assumed the whole task of organizing the concert. Weber was unable to undertake it. He was, also, compelled to renounce the idea of conducting; Cramer and Mori considered it an honour to replace him; with regard to the performance, all the great artists in England were proud to take part in it. Yet, despite all these manifestations, so soothing to his heart, the concert did not allow him a minute's repose. "It is to take place in a fortnight," he wrote to his wife. "Would you believe it? My heart beats like a child's. It is the last time that I shall ever give a concert."

The hour fixed for the concert arrived at last.—What a disappointment.—In the first place, it was the day of Epsom Races; then, Beyrez, the singer, had given, in the afternoon, a grand Musical Reunion at the Duke of St. Albans', when all the aristocracy had been present; then, it began raining in torrents; and, lastly, the Lady Patronesses of the Philharmonic Society, not having received a visit from Weber, had not troubled themselves at all about his concert. The consequence was that the Argyll Rooms were almost empty, so that his friends were absolutely ashamed, and dreaded the moment of his entering the orchestra. And, in truth, when he appeared, leaning upon the arm of his friend Smart, his lips were for a moment contracted by a bitter smile.

The *Jubilee Cantata*, which the translator entitled the *Festival of Peace*, was something marvellous. Each artist surpassed himself; then came the turn of the violinist, Riesewetter, whose fine talent was justly applauded; the overture to *Oberon* was next dashed off with great spirit, Mori being the conductor; and the song of *Lalla Rookh*, followed by the overture to *Euryanthe*, completed the programme. It was the last time Weber's fingers touched the keys of the instrument to which he owed his first triumphs.

The success was great, but the receipts were nothing. What a disappointment for the dying master, deeply wounded in his *amour-propre*, his glory, and his material interests. On leaving the concert-room, he fell upon a sofa in the green-room. He said to the friends who came up and grasped his hand, "What do you say now, eh?—Weber in London!" He was attacked by a vomiting of blood, succeeded by a fainting fit of several minutes. His friends sent off immediately for Dr. Kind, his medical man, who, by a singular coincidence, was a nephew of his old companion, Franz Kind, the faithful colleague of his happy days. Blisters were applied, and Weber passed a quiet night.

The very next day, he began thinking about his benefit which was fixed for the 5th June. He was to conduct *Der Freischütz*, given in its integrity. But he soon abandoned the idea, on account of the great fatigue he had experienced after Miss Paton's benefit. In consequence of some conversations he had with Dr. Kind on the subject, Fürstenau proposed to Weber that he should return direct to Dresden, by the way of Brussels and Cologne, instead of going to Paris and stopping there a few days, as it had been settled he should do. The reader may imagine that Weber joyfully consented; as Fürstenau, too, influenced by a spirit of the profoundest devotion, renounced his own concert, and as the earlier they set out the better, the 6th of June was fixed for the day of their departure.

With what impatience the composer looked forward to that day so ardently desired! But he could scarcely stand, and he experienced such difficulty in breathing that every movement caused him excruciating pain. Kind sent for the patient's intimate friends, and proved to them that the final catastrophe could not possibly be far distant. Fürstenau proposed sleeping in Weber's room, but Weber would not

allow him to do so. "My dear fellows," he said, "you make me out worse than I am." He would not consent either to one of Sir George Smart's servants remaining near at hand in the next room, in case he should require anything; they could not even prevail on him to leave off bolting his door inside, as he was accustomed to do.—In consequence of more bad symptoms, Kind applied a blister to the sufferer's chest. This, as he himself writes in his note-book, procured him "a delicious night." The improvement in his condition enabled him to settle his accounts, a task in which he was assisted by Goetschen, a son of one of the musicians in the band at Dresden. He likewise begged this young man to make some purchases for his (Weber's) family.

On the evening of the 4th June, the day before that fixed for his departure, he chatted gaily with Smart, Goetschen, Fürstenau, and Moscheles, about his journey and his plans of repose at his beloved Hosterwitz. His companions listened to him, and were delighted at seeing him in so desirable a frame of mind. But as his voice was evidently growing weaker from the very excitement caused by these dreams of the past, at ten o'clock they advised him to retire. Fürstenau and Smart conducted him to his room. He bade the former good night, but kept Fürstenau, who was the only person whom he would allow to do little odd things for him. Fürstenau helped to undress him, and looked to see that the blister had not shifted from its proper place. Weber, after winding up his watch, said to him: "Now, my old friend, leave me to go to sleep." Fürstenau repeated his offer to have a bed made up in the room, but Weber would not hear of such a thing. He went with his friend as far as the door, which he shut after him, and then locked.

The friends he had left remained together till midnight, talking over the probable incidents of his journey, and seeking to devise some means of dissuading him from it. When they went out, they looked up towards Weber's windows. He had not extinguished his light.

The next morning, early, one of Sir George Smart's servants knocked gently at Weber's door. Receiving no answer, he knocked more loudly, a thing he had never done before, as Weber slept very lightly. He then cried out for his master. The latter, suspecting what had happened, sent at once to fetch Fürstenau, who lived in the neighbourhood. The door was hastily burst open. A terrible silence reigned in the room, where the only sound was the ticking of the watch, which had been placed upon the table. Smart hurriedly pulled open the curtains, and Weber's pale face met his view. A smile played upon his lips. He was leaning on his right hand and appeared to be sleeping. A doctor was sent for instantly, and asked to bleed him. The doctor took Weber's hand. All eyes were fixed upon him. Letting the hand fall again, he said: "It is no use. This person has been dead five hours!" "He is not dead," said Fürstenau, closing his eyes; "he has returned to his fellows, the genii and the wise!"

The news of Weber's death spread rapidly all over London. Marks of sympathy and regret were manifested everywhere, and the papers were never tired of singing the praises of the master, whose last work had been composed for England.

The Philharmonic Society headed the programme of its concert for the 12th of June with the "Dead March" from Handel's *Saul*, and the words: "As a Tribute to a departed Genius." On the 17th June, the day which had long before been fixed on for Weber's benefit at Covent Garden—the proceeds of which benefit went to swell the composer's estate—Drury Lane Theatre was closed so as not to interfere with the rival establishment. But this act of courtesy availed nothing, for the receipts barely covered the expenses. The public taste had already turned to another idol.

A committee, headed by Smart, Moscheles, and Braham, was formed to manage the funeral. A notice appeared in the papers requesting persons desirous of joining the procession to come in mourning, and send a guinea and a half towards rendering the ceremony as solemn and grand as possible. The burial was at first to have taken place at Westminster, but the deceased composer's religion led to St. Mary's, Moorfields, being chosen, and his remains were consigned to a crypt there. A sub-committee, of which Lablache was chairman, undertook the musical part of the service; all the singers, as well as the members of the bands and choruses at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, responded to the call, and begged to have the honour of lending their assistance to this grand manifestation. But the size of the chapel did not allow the committee to accept all the offers made. Cramer, to whom this detail was confided, found himself, much to his regret, obliged to erase at least two-thirds of the names inscribed in the list.

The 15th June was fixed on for the burial, which resembled, in all respects, that of a person of the highest rank. The procession set out at nine o'clock in the morning. According to the English custom, it had a mediæval appearance, adding still more to the effect such lugubrious processions would otherwise produce. Heralds dressed in mourning, and pages led the way. Then came the hearse, drawn by six horses, and having on it Weber's family arms, and the simple word, "Resurgam" in gold letters. It was followed by sixteen mourning

* From the *Guide Musical*.

In its number for the 13th May, 1826, the *Mercure de Londres*, a French review, edited by F. Chatelain, announces a performance for the next day but one, at the French Theatre, at which performance, according to the bills, "devait assister le célèbre auteur de *Der Freischütz*" (sic) "Carl Maria von Weber." This performance, again according to the bills, was made up of "*Les deux Cousins, ou l'École du Scandale*, vaudeville en trois actes, imité de la comédie *The School for Scandal*, de Sheridan; *M. Beaujolais*, comédie en un acte (de M. de Jouy); *CARL MARIA WEBER en Voyage*, petit a propos à l'occasion d'un grand compositeur, en un acte mêlé de musique." We have been unable to discover whether Weber went to witness the performance.—Note by the Ed. of the "Guide Musical."

[March 5, 1870.]

coaches, and a countless number of private carriages, containing all the celebrities then residing in London. The clergy, headed by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Westminster, came to receive the body on its entrance into the chapel, and, at the same moment, the grandiose accents of Mozart's *Requiem* :—

" Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine ! "

re-echoed beneath the vaulted roof to salute the great master in the name of that art of which he was so illustrious a representative.

Weber's last wish, his ardent desire to repose among those belonging to him, was not fulfilled. Various writers, at various periods, appealed to German patriotism to restore his ashes to their native land ; but these isolated appeals met with only a feeble response, when, in 1841, the paper, the *Europa*, published an article, saying that: " It was now time to dig in German soil a tomb for the German bard." The article created a sensation, and, shortly after its publication, a committee was formed in Dresden to carry out the object it advocated. The *Lieder-tafel* there had the honour of contributing the first *obolus* to the national work, and other societies imitated their example. The subscriptions came in rapidly. Suddenly the Government completely damped the pious zeal of Weber's countrymen, by stating that permission to remove the body would be refused by England. Shortly afterwards, the Committee, having no longer any reason for continuing in existence, was dissolved.

Two years subsequently, Baron Max von Weber,* the composer's eldest son, being in London for the purpose of completing his scientific education, wrote to his mother, saying that, thanks to his influence and his high connections, he hoped to obtain the authorization they so ardently desired. On the receipt of this intelligence, which was confirmed a short time afterwards, a new Committee was formed, having Richard Wagner for chairman. Contributions were forwarded from all quarters to that devoted friend of Weber's family, who then occupied at Dresden the post which the composer of *Der Freischütz* had rendered celebrated. A few weeks later, the Committee declared the subscriptions closed.

On the 25th October, 1844, the " John Bull," bearing the precious remains, was moored at Hamburg. The remains were solemnly received on reaching the composer's native land. Having been conveyed to Dresden, they were placed on a vessel which was to transport them to the quai opposite the Theatre. The ceremony took place at night. All the bands, all the societies, and all the academies of the place were drawn upon the quai, as were, also, the deputations. The funeral-bark, bearing a catafalque, brilliantly lighted up, moved slowly along upon the river. When this bark reached the quai, the coffin, by means of an ingenious mechanical contrivance, rose of itself from among the torches. It was greeted by the cheers, a thousand times repeated, and by the applause of the immense crowd which lined the quai. The procession, constellated with countless torches, was immediately formed, and set out to the strains of a march composed by Herr Richard Wagner, on motives from *Euryanthe*. At the entrance to the cemetery were all the persons connected with the Theatre. At their head were Mdmes. Schröder-Devrient, Spatzier, and Gentilomo. A short service was performed in the mortuary chapel, the torches were extinguished and the crowd dispersed. But there still remained, in deep prayer, a poor woman, broken and aged by grief. She was supported by her son, who did not venture to disburden her profound sorrow, which burst forth with fresh intensity by the side of the beloved remains within the coffin.

Early the next day, the crowd returned to the cemetery, and the ceremony of inhumation began. After a majestic chorus by Wagner, and the last benediction, the composer was lowered into the tomb which already contained the body of Alexander, his youngest son, who had died in London a short time previously. Max von Weber threw the first spadeful of earth on the coffin ; the persons nearest him imitated his example, and the tomb was filled with laurels and garlands.

Weber, " the German Bard," reposed in German soil.

EDMOND NEUKOMM.

* Herr von Weber—who is an excellent musician, by the way—had the good taste not to embrace an artistic career. He profited by the example of Mozart's sons, who were friends of his father. He studied engineering, and now holds the position of Director-General of the Royal Railways of Saxony. After the Telegraphic Congress of Paris he was created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Among other orders, he is decorated with that of Saxony, which Count Vitzthum vainly endeavoured to procure for his father. He is an excellent writer, and, in addition to the work which serves as a basis to the present biographical sketch, and which is really a monument raised to his father's memory, he is the author of great many romances and stories, though he is better known by his professional works, which are highly esteemed by his brother-engineers. He has, also, published a remarkable book on Algeria, where he endeavoured to found German colonies. His son, Carl Maria, will be an engineer like himself. This young man studied at the Polytechnic School, Dresden.—ED. NEUKOMM.

THE REVOLUTIONARY THEATRE OF FRANCE.

Few subjects can be found more interesting than this. During the French Revolution all kinds of social problems were solved, and among others, that, not previously attempted, of a perfectly free stage was dealt with. In early days of Greece even, the necessity was felt of some form of authority to be exercised over the stage. Writers, of all classes, from Plato downwards, have seen the abuses to which absolute licence in theatrical affairs might lead. In the days of the Athenian comedy, accordingly, and in all days since, with the single exception of a short period during the French Revolution, some form of authority has been exercised. With the fall of the Bastille in Paris the censure ceased. Suard, who was then the censor, still exercised a pretended surveillance, but the discharge of his duties was confined to licensing every piece he had previously rejected. Not long was the experiment allowed to continue. One form of censure replaced another and did not prove less efficient. The tyranny of King Mob proved at least equal to that of King Law, and the voice of the people arrested more summarily the progress of a piece or the indiscretions of an actor than the most active and meddlesome of censors. During the time of the Revolution, however, licence not before observable was witnessed. The pieces then produced were of a kind not previously or since exhibited, and the entire performances cast a light upon the history of that great movement of which the end is yet far beyond our ken. A history of the theatre during that period is, of course, a history of the changes of thought which attended the progress of the Revolution, and so correct are the indices afforded it would hardly be too much to say that from the plays produced and without aid from any other source, a full and fairly satisfactory and philosophical history of the French Revolution might be compiled.

Under ordinary conditions, the light cast by the stage upon history is very small. A sense of the danger attending any theatrical meddling with politics is generally experienced, and a tolerably complete approach to immunity, for the stage, in other respects, is purchased by its observing rigidly the law of non-interference with religion and politics. Timidly, accordingly, for the most part, the stage follows at some distance the progress of political events, and the fact that a political struggle is referred to in comedy may be accepted as proof that all excitement connected with it at that period was over. During the progress of the French Revolution one period alone is found in which the vast majority of the pieces produced were political. Public opinion became the real censor of the stage. Santerre and his Sans-culottes attended every performance, and if anything was said derogatory from the dignity of his Majesty the People, took care it was immediately expunged. When this tyranny was at its height, when the reign of terror was established in France, when the penalty for any action construable by a refinement of ingenuity into disloyalty was immediate and final, the dramatists, naturally, were panic-stricken. Considerable courage was, indeed, necessary to write a drama in which a heedless line, or one even capable of misinterpretation, consigned to a certainty the author's head to the guillotine. While, accordingly, the terrible *théâtre rouge* was being exhibited in the streets of Paris, those theatres that still opened their doors gave pastoral and operetta. Surely a more curious contrast could scarcely be afforded than that of the grim tragedy without and the prettily warbled love-notes of shepherds and shepherdesses within the theatres. To show how far the public supervision was exercised, a single anecdote will suffice. In a play on a scriptural subject, that of *Suzanna*, an objection was made to the elders passing sentence upon her—" Vous êtes ses accusateurs, vous ne pouvez pas être ses juges." In these words the audience saw an allusion to the trial of Louis XVI., then proceeding. A tremendous storm was aroused, and the author was obliged to make ample amends for a line that might (or might not) have been perfectly void of malicious intention.

Very simple works followed the first capture of the Bastille. So sudden was that event that the revolutionary dramatists were scarcely prepared for it. They would otherwise have had pieces ready to commemorate adequately their triumph. Those writers who first produced plays bearing upon the altered state of affairs were as a rule timid, and their efforts were merely tentative. A cheap expression of fraternity between people of unequal station was sometimes the climax of any interest. A nobleman allowing his daughter to marry a workman, or his son to marry a daughter of one of the people, was a not uncommon termination to a drama. Marie Joseph Chenier, brother to André Chenier, the celebrated poet, was the first man to bring upon the stage a work thoroughly impregnated with republican ideas. His *Charles IX. ; ou, Le Saint Barthélémy*, a tragedy, to which after its success he added the title, *L'école des Rois*, was sent to Suard, who read it but declined to authorize its production. This was, indeed, not the first time it had come before him. His permission for its performance was timidly withheld, and he was backed in his demand by the commune. But the public in their mood of triumph were not likely to be balked in their pleasures. They insisted upon its performance, and Suard and the com-

mine gave in. *Charles IX.* was full of incidents and phrases upon which the populace could seize. In *Charles IX.* monarchy was assailed, and in the cardinal religion. The monarch sat upon the stage and fired upon his defenceless subjects, while the cardinal exhorted the troops to the murder of the Huguenots, and blessed and consecrated the weapons with which their murder was to be accomplished. Though considered, when first played, a work of great boldness, *Charles IX.*, as might be expected, was but tame besides works which were to follow. So long as Marie Antoinette and Louis were alive a species of antagonism was exhibited. Pieces the end of which was unmistakably to incite animosity against the King or the Autrichienne, were played at one theatre, and were followed at another by dramas exhorting to mercy and to the suppression of disorder. Some of the latest pieces were exceptionally bold, and were produced at a time when the courage of author and actor must have been well tried.

While the result of the trial of Louis was yet doubtful, Léon de Laya gave at the Théâtre Français his *Amis de Lois*, a piece in which Frenchmen were strongly urged to resist the attempt that was made to lead them into the paths of cruelty and brutality. This piece incurred, of course, the animosity of Santerre, and its performance was after a time prohibited. We are not sure that the pieces in which the crusade against the revolutionary government is maintained are not the most interesting of the epoch. Martainville, and after him Picard and Duval, wrote appropriate sketches upon the law concerning "the suspected." This terrible "loi des suspects," a measure so strong that it frightened the very men by whom it was proposed and carried into effect, was the subject of able ridicule. The piece of Martainville, produced at the Variétés, the 4th Floréal, An. III. (23rd April, 1795), showed how the inhabitants of a village being told to furnish a list of the "suspects," could not understand the phrase, and furnished, for honour and reward, a list of their worthiest citizens. The irony of this piece is strong. In the second piece, *Il faut surveiller les Suspects*, a government agent is introduced smoking a pipe and boasting of his employment. "I am Jacobin, and am called Gracous Courantin; I am agent of the government, yet the commune is not under arms to receive me. Very well. I will take notice of this village, and amuse myself by destroying it. (Taking his notes.) I am not dissatisfied with myself. In the next township I have arrested fifty people; seventeen women, ten rich farmers, three scholars, and the rest nobles and priests. I have established three prisons on the model of those in Paris. I have drunk delicious wines without paying for them. I have a portfolio full of assignats. I drink the wine of the aristocrats. *Vive la République!*" It required courage, amounting almost to heroism, to write or to speak these words in the temper in which France then was.

Before the Republic gave way to the Empire a large production of the plays acted had a bearing upon England. It was a constant dream of the Republicans to cross the Channel, fraternize with the English, who were supposed to be eagerly anticipating their coming, and end by serving George III. as Louis had been served. Some pieces, in which Grey, Fox, and Sheridan, are represented singing the "Ca Ira" in caps of liberty, while George III. is carried through the streets in a cage with other like matters, are very droll.

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Ed. Devrient has resigned his post as Director-General of the Grand-Ducal Theatre. The Grand-Duke has conferred on him the Commander's Cross of the Zähringer Lion, a noble heraldic animal, of which the Grand-Duke is the legitimate metaphorical Van Amburgh.

DESSAU.—There was some talk of getting up a festival to celebrate the fact that, on the 6th inst., half a century will have elapsed since F. Schneider first produced his *Weltgericht* at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig. On the 13th April following it was performed in the University Church of the same city.

BRUSSELS.—"Er liebt mich—liebt mich nicht." "He loves me—not me not," says Margaret in the garden. "He'll bring it out—he'll not produce it," says the theatre-goer in this capital, as, utterly bewildered by the course pursued by the manager of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, he plucks to pieces, thought by thought, his power of prophecy with reference to Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*. We stated in a late number of the *Musical World* that there were grave doubts as to whether this opera, after having been promised for ever so long, would see the footlights at the above theatre after all. These doubts are still entertained, and bets freely taken that the admirers of Herr Wagner's music (as it is called) will have to borrow the line, "Lob wohl mein, lieber schwann!" ("Farewell, dear swan!") from the first act, and, speaking in their own persons, apply it to the celebrated bird, even before they have seen him. Meanwhile, the management have produced Signor Ricci's opera, *Une Folie à Rome*, but it has not achieved a very decided success. It is true that the artists were far from doing it justice.

ST. THOMAS'S CHORAL SOCIETY.

Usually concerts given by local societies for local objects do not repay attention. This, however, cannot be said of a performance which took place in St. James's Hall, last Thursday week, under the direction of Mr. Randegger, who brought forward a new but well-trained body of voices—the St. Thomas's Choral Society—in connection with a programme of singular interest. The result was an exceptional audience such as is only attracted by exceptional means. A symphony in G minor, the work of Etienne Henri Méhul, opened the proceedings, and was performed for the first time in seventeen years. To the majority certainly the French composer, who held so prominent a place through the stormy years of the Republic and Empire, is barely known by name. The fate has befallen him common to so many excellent masters unfortunate enough to be contemporary with the giants of music. True, English amateurs of the better informed order are more or less acquainted with Joseph and with the interesting programme overture to *Une Chasse de Jeune Henri*; but, apart from these, Méhul's forty-two operas are out of sight and mind. As regards his symphonies, orchestral concert-givers seem to have forgotten them. If we may judge by the composer's biography in M. Félix Clément's *Musiciens Célèbres*, they are as little honoured in their native country. M. Clément, while devoting ample space to the "Chant du Départ" and the "Hymne à la Raison," briefly and contemptuously dismisses the symphonies as "compositions froides qui firent assister le public au déclin pour ainsi dire définitif d'un grand maître." It would appear from this that M. Clément knew nothing at all about them; and it so with him, how with the general body of his compatriots? Very few of Thursday's audience, we hope, would style the symphony in G minor a "composition froide," because, as a matter of fact, it is distinguished by symmetry, tunefulness, and a masterly working out of ideas only found in the best examples of the school of Haydn and Mozart. We might bring forward portions of each movement in proof; but it will suffice to mention the *andante* and the *menuetto*, which are in the highest degree excellent. Let us hope that, having now heard one of Méhul's symphonies, we shall soon hear others. Music of so good a sort repays not less than it deserves attention. Mr. Randegger's *Medea* followed. This clever and effective scene was first performed at Leipzig by Madame Rudersdorff; and next at Norwich by Mdlle. Tietjens, on each occasion successfully. Good luck has now attended it for the third time. In fairness we must credit this last result equally to the music and the singer—Madame Rudersdorff, who has rarely been heard to more advantage. She did her work magnificently, alternating dramatic energy and tender sentiment in a manner beyond reproach. Never was recall more fairly earned. The serenade by Mozart, which attracted some notice at the late Norwich Festival, was another feature of Thursday's concert. We have already said all that is necessary about this trifé; and there only remains to point out that, though a trifé, it ought to be played well, or not at all.

The second part was wholly taken up by Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, in which Mdme. Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Winn appeared as soloists. We are glad to see Mr. Sullivan's work strengthening its hold upon public favour, a result sure to follow performances like that under notice. Mr. Randegger's choristers acquitted themselves so well that it was not once needful to remember the youthfulness of their association. Even "They went astray," and "O that men would therefore praise the Lord," were delivered with almost entire correctness. That the St. Thomas's Choral Society has by no means wasted the first year of its existence is, therefore, tolerably clear. Among the more successful solos were "O that thou hadst hearkened" (Mdme. Rudersdorff); and "Love not the world" (Mdlle. Drasdil). Mr. Byron, who accepted his task at short notice, strengthened the impression made by his recent singing in *The Seasons*; Mr. Winn was hardly less satisfactory. Mr. Randegger conducted throughout with marked ability.

A STRANGE BOUQUET.—As a pretty general rule it may be asserted that the walls in the drawing-rooms, or salons, of celebrated artists are adorned with wreaths, medallions, and other tokens of triumphs achieved. But nothing of the kind is visible in Mad. Albani's drawing-room. One thing, however, rather astonishes the visitor, and that is a collection, under a glass shade, of tufts, such as are used to ornament the shakos worn by French soldiers. These tufts are arranged in the form of a bouquet, and the following story is connected with them:—On one occasion that Mad. Albani sang at the Theatre in Metz, she raised the audience to a more than ordinary degree of enthusiasm. The stage was inundated with bouquets, wreaths, and shako-tufts. The last were flung by the fair artist's martial admirers, who had not flowers or wreaths, any more than money for the purchase thereof, but who, for all that, were quite as ecstatic as the civilian spectators. Mad. Albani had all the tufts carefully collected, and they were the only tokens she carried away with her of her triumph at Metz.

[March 5, 1870.]

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Respecting the first appearance, this season, of Madame Schumann, at the Monday Popular Concerts, the *Globe* comes across the second trio by Mendelssohn for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and writes as follows:—

"In Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, the two accomplished performers (Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim) appeared together, the party being completed by Herr Daubert. As might have been expected, their performance separately left little to be desired. Of the *ensemble*, however, it is impossible to say as much. Madame Schumann played on one of the most recent specimens of those formidable pianofortes, which, however suited or needed to hold their own against an orchestra of modern magnitude, are altogether out of proportion in intensity with the most sonorous specimens that can be found of the violin class, even in the hands of a Joachim or a Wilhelmi. A wider departure from the intention of a composer than the combination of one of these monstrous instruments with a single violin and violoncello could hardly be made, unless it were substituting a *cornet-à-piston* for the one or a *trombone* for the other, supposing for a moment that it were possible to execute the violin and violoncello passages upon them. For a solo, a piano—or rather a *forte*—of this class may or may not be well suited; any inconvenience attending it is confined to him or her who plays upon it. If such instruments, however, are finally admitted into concerted music, it is not difficult to foresee the eventful result—the doubling, trebling, or quadrupling of the concurrent parts: in other words, the annihilation of chamber music. For this, it is to be hoped, the world is not yet prepared, though how soon the preparation may be completed it would be rash to say."

The *Globe* is mysterious, but doubtless has a hidden (esoteric) meaning.

ASH WEDNESDAY AND THE THEATRES.

The following sensible letter from "A London Manager" appeared in Wednesday's *Daily Telegraph*:—

"Sir,—Belonging, as I do, to an overmuch licensed and supervised class, I venture, with great diffidence, to utter a mild protest against the compulsory closing of theatres on Ash Wednesday. To-night the refined and intellectual entertainment which I am in the habit of placing before the public is suspended by an order of the Lord Chamberlain, and my patrons are thrown into the arms of those who provide what I have been taught to regard as a much lower form of amusement. The two hundred and eighty intelligent beings in my employment are, with two exceptions, deprived of this night's work and their night's salary, the exceptions being a young lady with a voice, who will sing at three concerts in the course of the evening, and an active and popular comedian, who will perform at a country theatre about one hundred miles from London. Some of the less fortunate members of my company have asked me why the law compels us to take a holiday in the stormy months of February or March, while the Crystal Palace represents the *opéra bouffe* of *Barbe-Bleue*, and most of the great music halls and casinos remain open. They are scarcely consoled when I tell them, that places licensed by the magistrates have been allowed to break the strict letter of the law with impunity, while theatres licensed by the Lord Chamberlain have been ruled with more unbending severity. The Church has, doubtless, still much to do with these Lenten prohibitions, and yet the Church is not above drawing some portion of its sustenance from the playhouse. I pay about two hundred pounds a year in Church and Rector's rates, and have never even had a prayer offered up for the success of my entertainment."

HERR RAFF AT THE "PALACE."

In its notice of last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert the *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks thus of Herr Raff's music:—

"An *adagietto* and *scherzo* from Raff's *Suite* in C were in the programme for the first time. Joachim Raff, who, we are assured, 'has a certain fame on the Continent, and is in every respect a composer of our day'—a doubtful compliment by-the-bye—belongs to the class Mr. Mauns delights to patronize. He produces much of an 'advanced' German kind, and varies this occupation by writing in defence of his faith, and of its prophet, Wagner. The wonder is, therefore, that Mr. Mauns did not turn the light of Raff upon us long ago. But, judging from the movements played on Saturday, the loss arising from Raff's absence has not been serious. True, there are features in his music of such merit as belongs to occasional tunefulness, and to a picturesque use of the orchestra. But these are neutralized by other features of an opposite sort. Herr Raff seems one of those men who so rarely lay hold of a melody that, having done so, they immediately get all they can out of it by putting it to the 'question.' There is an example in the *adagietto*, where pretty if not original themes are tortured to an insupportable degree. Again, both movements display an almost feverish anxiety to be original, which in the absence of adequate power only leads to 'great cry and little wool.' The ostentatious challenge to attention of the *scherzo*, for example, is to the actual result what the gorgeous 'canwas' of Mr. Magsman's show was to Chops and his fellow-phenomena. Mr. Mauns hopes to introduce the whole work; but how far this feeling is shared by others remains very doubtful."

CHEVALIER BALFE.

A propos of the honour recently conferred upon Mr. Balfe by the Emperor of the French, the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday said:—

"We have a Sir Michael Costa; we may have, some day, a Sir Jules Benedict; but the *Gazette* has not yet chronicled the creation of Sir Michael Balfe. The genial composer of so many delightful operas, the man of many melodies, the English Auber, has long since passed the meridian of life; he has fought a good fight, and has rendered bright services to the cause of his charming and humanizing art; but, in his own country, away from the ranks of his profession, he is nobody. He is not even an Academician—for Musical Academy, in the proper sense of the term, England has none. The establishment in Tenterden Street is merely a musical school. Yet has Mr. Balfe, quite ignored and unrecognized by authority in his native land, been just raised to the chivalric grade. A telegram informs us that the Emperor Napoleon has conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honour on the author of the *Bohemian Girl*. As Mr. Balfe looks at the glittering bauble, and fastens the ribbon to his button-hole, he may derive additional pleasure from the reflection that he will not be allowed to wear his decoration in England without express permission from the Crown; and that such permission is, as a rule, only granted to members of the military and naval services. Perhaps, if Mr. Balfe had been bandmaster of the 5th Foot, he might be permitted to wear his cross, and might have earned a few war medals besides; but, as it is, he must keep the Legion of Honour for the Tuilleries. At St. James's such a sight as the unauthorized badge on the breast of a civilian, and that civilian a musician, would fill the whole of the Lord Chamberlain's department with horror."

—o—

PROPOSED OPERA FOR BOMBAY.

The following letter appeared in the *Times of India*:—

"Sir,—May I venture to enquire whether any steps have lately been taken with reference to a new Operahouse for Bombay? It is unnecessary to say that the present Grant Road Theatre is unworthy of the dignity and importance of this thriving and prosperous city, and the locality is far from being the most choice and convenient.

"In Calcutta, the Opera has become quite an institution of society; and although they boast of no permanent Operahouse, their present structure answers every purpose until such time they can afford to erect a *pucca* building. Is there, then, no public spirit, no energy, no enterprise amongst the musical society of Bombay to make a stir in this matter. Many months ago I was associated with several friends in trying to promote the interests of Signor Stefani in establishing a yearly operatic season here, but our united efforts signally failed. Since then I have had the pleasure of attending several operas in Calcutta, and I now feel all the more convinced that it requires only a certain amount of determination and support to place Bombay on a footing with the sister presidency in this one particular. The residents of Bombay are yearly increasing, and immediately railway communication is established with Calcutta and the North-west, a constant stream of strangers, &c., will be passing through here, and hence a great support may be calculated on from this fact.

"A general description of the Operahouse at Calcutta may perhaps enable us to judge how far it is practicable to erect a similar building here. The structure is only temporary, and built entirely of wood and corrugated iron; its external design has no pretensions whatever, but its interior is carved out in a simple and effective manner. The plan is well arranged, both for seeing and ventilation, and considering it to be only a temporary building, it has a most substantial and genuine appearance when lighted up.

"The Governor having recently paid a visit to the Opera at Calcutta, we may doubtless calculate on his Excellency's support, both pecuniarily, and also in providing an appropriate piece of ground in a central locality; and let us hope that no time may be lost in giving effect to what I have suggested, and that arrangements be made with Signor Stefani, of Milan (who so ably conducted the opera here of 1866), to bring out a first-rate company for next season. I would suggest that the building in question should not only be the Operahouse and Theatre, but also a place for holding choral and musical meetings and concerts. The floor might also be constructed so as to admit of being converted into a ball-room where the assemblies, &c., might be held. If these few suggestions are the means of stirring up the Bombaies to do like unto the Calcuttaites, I shall have no occasion to regret signing myself—Yours truly,

W. P."

DARMSTADT.—Herr Niemann has been singing here.

LEIPZIG.—At the concert for the benefit of the Orchestra-Pension-Fund, the programme included, among other things, Sterndale Bennett's Overture to Thomas Moore's *Paradise and the Peri*. It was much applauded. Mdile. Emma Brandes, from Schwerin, played Beethoven's Piano Concerto in E flat major, besides smaller pieces by Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Heller. Mdine. Peschka-Leutner sang some songs by Mozart and Winter, and the orchestra performed Hector Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture.

THREATENED.

What is threatened? Only the existence of an ancient Festival; and the credit of a dean and chapter.

Musical readers will, doubtless, remember that just before the Worcester Festival of 1866, Earl Dudley showed a sudden and violent repugnance to its celebration. As far as repugnance goes the noble lord was not alone. Many other good and pious men cannot persuade their consciences to accept musical entertainments in a cathedral. For the most part, however, they are satisfied to hold aloof from the affair. If they are not for the Festival, they are not *against* it, in the sense of taking active measures. But passive opposition did not suit the ardent zeal of Lord Dudley. He looked about him for some weapon whereby to demolish the sacrilegious institution which the lax piety of 150 years has encouraged. Looking about, his eye lighted upon his money-bags and kindled with the satisfaction money-bags can so readily excite. Here was something more formidable than public protests, or private influence, and Lord Dudley lost no time in setting it to work. So an offer was made to give the Charity supported by the Festival, as much cash as the Festival was likely to bring, provided the Cathedral performances were abandoned. Such an offer, coming from such a quarter, at a time when it was needful to conciliate long purses for the sake of Cathedral restoration, was a potent affair, and the Festival's supporters were naturally anxious. As all the world knows, the offer was declined, the Festival took place, and proved a greater success than might have been expected with Lord Dudley and his brethren everywhere praying against it. His first assault beaten off, the noble lord waited his opportunity for another. Meanwhile, he gave liberally to the Restoration Fund. Before the Festival of last year nothing was heard of Lord Dudley, and sanguine folk imagined he had become reconciled to a passive attitude. Not so, however. That great champion of cathedral sanctity has just made a second, and more formidable attack, on a weak point of his enemy's defence. The dean and chapter of Worcester have a noble edifice within £10,000 of complete renovation, and we need not say that, in such a case, the last £10,000 is the most difficult to obtain. Seeing this, Lord Dudley now offers that sum, tied to his old condition—the giving up of the Festival. The bait is a tempting one, and we feel much for the intended victims, because it is put before them in the name of zeal for the House of the Lord, which they are officially bound to respect and encourage. At present the dean and chapter are deliberating, and while they deliberate the matter, it behoves the friends of the Festival to be up and doing on their side of the question.

Happily, the Festival has friends of a sort which must give Lord Dudley some disquiet. The belted earl put his lance in rest, but when his trumpeters sounded defiance, an answer came from the direction of Westwood Park, and Sir John Pakington is now seen "pricking across the plain" armed, very strongly, with common sense and good feeling. What will be the issue of the fight between the golden earl and the doughty baronet?

As to the side on which public sympathy lies there can be no more doubt than as to the course which interest, as well as duty, suggests to the dean and chapter. If the Cathedral authorities swallow Lord Dudley's bait, it will be said of them, not without good reason, that either they abandoned a good institution for money down; or that for years they supported a bad one from which they could only be induced to separate by bribes.

THADDEUS EGG.

ORGAN NEWS.

Specification of the organ at St. John's Church, Waterloo, Liverpool. Builders, Messrs. Bishop & Starr:—

GREAT ORGAN.—CC to F.

Open Diapason	Flute, 4 ft., tenor C
Dulciana, tenor C	Twelfth
Clarinella	Fifteenth
Stopt, Bass "	Sesquialtera
Principal	

SWELL ORGAN.—CC to F.

Double Stopt Diapason, tenor C	Principal
Violin, open	Piccolo
Metallic Flute, tenor C	Oboe, tenor C
Stopt Bass	Cornocean
Lieblich Flute, 4 ft., tenor C	

PEDAL ORGAN.—CCC to E.

Bourdon

COPPLERS.

Swell to Great | Pedal to Great

SWELL.

Three Combinations to Great Organ.

The instrument was opened on the 23rd ult., by Mr. J. J. Monk, who played an admirable selection of music, including Bach's great fugue in G minor; march in C from Ousley's *St. Polycarp*; offertoire in F (Wely), and the march from Costa's *Nauman*. A local paper says:—"The organ is a really splendid instrument, and its manifold beauties were ably displayed."

PROVINCIAL.

BELFAST.—A correspondent writes as below:—

"The Monday Popular Concert at the Ulster Hall was fully equal to anticipation. Madame Thaddens Wells was in excellent voice. In 'Ye Little Birds' (Bishop), she was encored, as well as in 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.' The flute solos of Mr. Henry Nicholson were a treat, and did more than sustain his reputation, as one of the best performers on that instrument. His solos—Fantasia on Airs from Benedict's Opera, *The Lily of Killarney* and Drouet's Variations on 'Rule, Britannia'—were both encored. Mr. Cellier, as usual, displayed the power of an adept on the grand organ. The attendance was not so large as it should have been."

EDINBURGH.—We read in the *Scotsman* of Monday last:—

"At the organ performance on Friday afternoon, in the Music Class-room, Professor Oakley played the following music, prefaced by a few remarks on some of the pieces:—

"Prelude, and Fugue on the notes B A C H, C. P. E. Bach; Air and Chorus, 'The marvellous work' (*Creation*), Haydn; Andante in F, string quartet, No. 2, Mozart; Theme and Five Variations (*Septuor*), Beethoven; Adagio, Scotch Symphony, No. 3, Mendelssohn; Andante, No. 2 of second set of *Organ Pieces*, S. S. Wesley. Choruses by Handel: 'How excellent Thy name, O Lord' (*Soul*), 'May no rash intruder,' Nightingale Chorus (*Solomon*), 'Let their celestial concerts all unite' (*Samson*).

"The theme and variations in Beethoven's septet would, the Professor remarked, be heard on Saturday afternoon at the last of the excellent concerts of chamber music; and the *adagio* in the Scotch Symphony may, to some extent, recall the 12th of this month. The second number of Dr. Wesley's *Organ Pieces* consists of a melody in F sharp minor, with a light variation introducing a flute stop with effect. Mr. Oakley announced that his next lecture on Mediaval Music would be given on Friday."

CANTERBURY.—The following is from a correspondent:—

"The Corn Exchange was completely filled last week at a concert for a local charity. The principal attraction was Mrs. Frances Talfourd, the well-known amateur vocalist, who is never tired of giving her valuable services in aid of the worthiest of causes. The audience, duly appreciating her talent, warmly applauded each of her songs, especially 'The Lover and the Bird,' which they would have willingly heard thrice; in succession had the singer been willing."

BRESLAU.—Mdlle. Marie Krebs appeared at the tenth *Soirée* of the Association for Chamber Music, and played various pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Bach, Chopin, and Liszt.—Herr Bernhard Hahn, organist of the Cathedral, died on the 16th ult., aged forty-eight. Herr Hahn enjoyed a high reputation in Germany for his playing and compositions.

Lines for Music.

THEN AND NOW.

A shading oak—a slope of green,
A river gliding by;
And coming up the winding path—
Half hidden from the eye—
A maid, in all the bloom of youth,
Resplendent in her grace,
Whom I await, with beating heart,
At our old trysting place.

And there, beneath the spreading tree,
We linger many an hour,
Dreaming sweet dreams of boundless hope,
Love's dreams! (O precious dower!)
Her dear face rests upon my breast,
We speak with murmured breath,
Those golden words, from soul to soul,
Which triumph over death!

I passed the spot not long ago.
The stately Oak stands there!
The river still rolls swiftly on
Beside the green slope fair.
But up the shaded, winding path,
There comes, Ah! never more!
That form unto our trysting place,
As in the days of yore.

HENRY C. WATSON.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
S. T. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
MORNING PERFORMANCE,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), MARCH 5TH, 1870,
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in D major, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI
SONG, "O ma maitrise"—Mr. CUMMINGS
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 111, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE
BARCAROLLE and SCHERZO, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM
SONG, "O ma maitrise"—Mr. CUMMINGS
SEPTET, in D major, for Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass—MM. CHARLES HALLE, ROCKSTRO, BARRET, C. HARPER, STRAUS, PRATTEN, and PIATTI
Conductor Mr. BENEDICT.

Mozart.
Mendelssohn.
Beethoven.
Spohr.
F. David.
Hummel.

THE TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 7TH, 1870,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.
FANTASIA and CHORALE for Organ—Master ARTHUR LE JEUNE .. .
ANDANTE and FUGUE, in E minor (posthumous), for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI
SONG, "L'Addio"—Miss ENRIQUES .. .
FANTASIA CHROMATICA, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE .. .
TRIO, in C minor, Op. 9, No. 3, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .
SONG, "The Linden Tree"—Miss ENRIQUES .. .
SONATA, in G major, Op. 96, for Pianoforte and Violin—MM. CHARLES HALLE and JOACHIM .. .
Conductor Mr. BENEDICT.

Smart.
Mendelssohn.
Mozart.
Bach.
Beethoven.
Schubert.
Beethoven.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KIRK, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HATS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

DEATHS.

On the 24th ult., in her 32nd year, ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. HENRY T. SWATTON, Professor of Music, and daughter of Mr. Henry White-Musicseller, Oxford Street.

On the 27th ult., of softening of the brain, BIANCHI JOHN, eldest and much beloved son of JOHN BIANCHI TAYLOR, of Bath.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870.

A WANDERING MUSICIAN.

LAST week it was our duty to have a word with *Le Ménestrel*; now, an English contemporary demands attention, but with regard to a very different matter. The *Musician* has just delivered itself of a long article on "English Musical Criticism," wherein fallacious assumption and error in matters of fact jostle each other to the exclusion of well nigh everything else. The article tries to show that the criticism of our daily press is "insular" and narrow; that it is unable to accept novelty; and that in furtherance of its prejudices it does not hesitate to bluster "progressive music" out of England. Illustrating all this, our contemporary refers to

the cases of Gounod and Wagner, the first of whom, we are told, was "kept out of England for ten years," and the second is even now a victim of "arrogant and wanton misrepresentation." It delights us to add that the *Musician* grants the critics to be free from bad faith and sinister motive, because thereby its first gratuitous assumption is made plainer, which assumption is this:—the music of Gounod, of Wagner, and of Schumann (who, by-the-by, is dragged in), is progressive music. It may surprise the *Musician* to learn that we, ourselves, altogether decline to grant this premiss; and, "bad faith" and "sinister motive" being absent, it follows that the critics of the "dailies" do the same. That which the *Musician* takes for granted is really the point about which battle must be waged. Instead of scolding the critics for blustering progressive music out of England, our contemporary should prove that the music in question is progressive. If it succeeds in doing this, we may safely promise that the critics will lay down their weapons, and take all the composers of the future to their arms.

Now let us turn to the *Musician's* errors in matters of fact. First, we are told that concert reports show "a certain air of mutual dependence which always reads to us a little debilitating." Our contemporary should have clearly explained what is to be understood by "a certain air of mutual dependence," and should, moreover, have fortified his position by examples. Our own experience tallies not at all with that of the *Musician*. We detect no mutual "leaning" on the part of the *Times* and the *Post*. The writers for the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* have little in common; while those of the *Standard*, *Globe*, and *Daily Telegraph* each pursues a course entirely its own. Such is our conviction; such, perhaps, may be our mistake. Nevertheless, we hold to it so long as the *Musician* does not condescend to particulars.

Again, the *Musician* is befogged about a matter having a personal bearing, and, therefore, one as to which it should have been specially careful. After alluding to the "double literary life" of some critics, our contemporary goes on to speak of a recent article on Wagner, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and says that the identity of this critic is "easy enough of detection to those acquainted but moderately with the London press." Is it, indeed! Then we, who have, at least, the moderate acquaintance referred to, must be hopelessly blind, for we cannot light upon the smallest clue to the identity our contemporary beholds so plainly. This, however, we do know—that the *Musician* has made a gross mistake, and based upon it a misleading assertion.

Once more, the *Musician* speaks of "a pen which has the run of the two most influential organs of the daily press."—"Such tricks hath strong imagination—that, if it would but apprehend some joy, it comprehends some bringer of that joy." In like manner the *Musician*, wanting to prove its case, imagined this wonderful pen. Do not believe in it, good Reader, for it is but a creature of our contemporary's active fancy. There is no such pen; and the argument growing out of its supposed existence is a delusion and a snare.

Here we leave the *Musician*, having given it enough to meditate upon during the current month. Let us pray that our contemporary may see the evil of mistaking fancies for facts; and of rushing blindly into a discussion about the details of which it knows next to nothing.

AMSTERDAM.—At the first performance of his *Sancta Cecilia*, Herr G. A. Heinze had the order of the Iron Crown conferred on him by the King of Holland.

BONN.—No one having been found to purchase the late Professor Otto Jahn's musical library and collection of music in a lump, they will be sold in separate lots by auction, on the 4th April.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

In our last we announced the merited honour conferred upon Mr. Balfe by Napoleon III. We are now able to give the text of the note in which the Ministre des Beaux-Arts conveyed his Majesty's pleasure to our distinguished composer :—

"Monsieur,—J'ai l'honneur de vous informer que, par décret en date du 18 de ce mois, l'Empereur a bien voulu vous nommer Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur. Je me félicite d'avoir proposé à sa Majesté, pour cette distinction, un compositeur dont les œuvres tiennent depuis longtemps, un rang distingué au répertoire des principales scènes lyriques de l'Europe.—Recevez, etc., M. RICHARD."

Mr. Balfe must feel that the value of his new distinction is enhanced by the graceful manner of its offering.

A CONTEMPORARY, who lately made himself conspicuous in defence of Mr. Hugo Pierson's music, and who accused everybody holding an adverse opinion of all sorts of high crimes and misdemeanours, has just turned upon his idol and smashed it. Reviewing a *Te Deum* and *Benedictus* of Mr. Pierson's, our contemporary uses the following expressions :—"The failure is conspicuous;" "we regret that he should ever have attempted to set the words before us;" "passages of the commonest description, without any apparent design or cohesion;" "mere Christy Minstrel music;" "a vulgarity which is simply astounding." Here, truly, is a more wonderful "translation" than that of Bully Bottom! Poor Mr. Pierson, his "Et tu, Brute" has, doubtless, come from the depths of an anguished soul, at receiving this "unkindest cut of all." As regards our contemporary, we shall not draw a parallel between him and certain Africans who are in the habit of thrashing their gods.

HERR SCARIO of the Royal Operahouse, Dresden, can certainly not be accused of idleness in the exercise of his profession. On the 11th February, Saturday, he sang in *Der Freischütz*, and on Sunday in the *Waffenschmid*. On the Monday, he appeared at Breslau as Marcello in *Les Huguenots*; on Tuesday he sang at a concert, and, on Wednesday, he sustained the part of Falstaff in Nicoli's *Lustige Weiber*. Immediately after the performance, he rushed off to the railway station, and was at Dresden, for rehearsal, by nine o'clock on Thursday morning. On Friday, he sang the part of the Burgomaster in *Czaar und Zimmermann*. On Saturday, he sang in *Der Waffenschmid*, and, on Monday, in *Fidelio*. On Wednesday, he was at Gotha, singing Mephisto in *Faust*; on Friday, he appeared at Weimar, as Falstaff, and, on Saturday, in the same town, as the Cardinal in *La Juive*. On the following Monday, he sang at a Court Concert in Meiningen; and on Tuesday, at a concert of the Euterpe Society in Leipsic. On Wednesday and Thursday, he sang again in Breslau; and, lastly, on Friday, in Dresden, and there, as the Bishop said to the Earl of Rochester, we leave him.

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

Although Mr. Wood has withdrawn the orchestra from these concerts, the programmes show a strong infusion of the classical element. Last Saturday, for example, the performance began with Neukomm's once admired *Septuor* for wind instruments, to which Messrs. Rockstro, Crozier, Lazarus, Catchpole, Wotton, Bosworth, and Smith did every justice. With this work was also given (first time in London) a portion of Mozart's serenade for oboes, clarinets, corni di bassetto, bassoons (two of each), four horns, and contra-bassoon. Mr. Crozier was much applauded after a fantasia by Luft for the oboe; and Herr Wilhelmj displayed his truly magnificent great powers as a violinist in Ernst's inimitable "Airs Hongrois," and David's *Fantaisie Russe*. That Herr Wilhelmj is among the greatest violinists of the world there can be little doubt. Mendelssohn's overture for wind instruments concluded the concert, and was well given under Mr. Henry Leslie's direction. The vocalists were Miss Clari Frazer, Madlle. Palmerini, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Carl Bohrer. Miss Frazer did her work pleasingly; Miss Palmer—*we beg her pardon*—Madlle. Palmerini—should study hard for a long time, and then re-appear; as for Herr Bohrer, he was encoraged in "Non più Andrai," and thus made an encouraging *début*. Mr. Sims Reeves, sang Balfe's "Lady Hilda" (encored), and "Come into the garden, Maud," with all his customary and exquisite taste. This concert ended the season. We understand, however, that a new series will be commenced when Mr. Wood's operatic tourists re-appear in town.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT.

An unusually large audience attended Saturday's concert and heard the following selection :—

Overture, "Les deux Journées" ..	Cherubini.
Sonata for organ solo in F minor (No. 1)—Mr. F. Archer	Mendelssohn.
Air, "With plaintive notes" (<i>Samson</i>)—Madame Sherrington	Handel.
Adagietto and Scherzo from Suite in C ..	Raff.
Prelude and Fugue (E minor)—Mr. Archer ..	F. S. Bach.
Oratorio, <i>Mount of Olives</i> —Madame Sherrington, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Winn, and the Crystal Palace Choir ..	Beethoven.

An opportunity of improving acquaintance with the prelude to *Les deux Journées* is seldom afforded, for what reason would be hard to say, unless, as the opera is neglected, it might appear invidious to honour the overture. The overture is worthy of honour, nevertheless, as a masterly work, full of dramatic force, and hardly less distinguished by episodes of Mozart-like grace. It was well played, but coldly received, for the reason, perhaps, that its audience had not discrimination enough to recognize its beauties, and had not heard it often enough to know it by heart. The two movements from Raff's *Suite* also failed to excite enthusiasm, although the *adagietto* is sometimes pretty, and the *scherzo* always so "very original"—we quote "A. M."—as to be curious. Herr Raff's knowledge of the orchestra evidently serves him well, and he is not afraid to go far out of the beaten path after ideas. But good colouring of strange figures does not command instant appreciation, and we wait further experience. Mr. Archer's performance of both the sonata and fugue was very masterly. Using his instrument with surprising facility and unvarying correctness, he added to these qualifications a power of expression rarely brought to bear upon an organ. The *finale* to the sonata, and the whole of the fugue were played in a manner which must have excited the highest admiration among those best acquainted with the difficulties overcome. It is long since the organ has spoken to equal effect, and we care not how soon it speaks again after the same manner. Madame Sherrington's song was well sung but—with all respect to Handel—scarcely worth the singing. We need not say much about the *Mount of Olives*. The music is pretty well known and admired, while the performance was, on the whole, satisfactory. Madame Sherrington, Mr. Perren, and Mr. Winn, did their best, and the chorus were not unworthy of association with them.

PEDAL AND SPOT STROKE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—As I see you take a great interest in, and write a good deal about, the Monday Popular Concerts, may I, as a very old subscriber, beg you to use whatever influence you may have to persuade the director to make one of the famous German pianists play Beethoven's sonata in B flat, Op. 106, which has hitherto only been attempted twice at Mr. Chappell's admirable entertainments, and each time by an English artist, who, of course (being English), is not fit to hold a candle to any of the great German pianists.

The only stipulation I would make is one similar to that upon which amateurs of billiards are used to insist whenever a match is got up for any other billiard player against Mr. Cook, Jun.—viz., that a certain mechanical advantage should be waived. Once on the "spot stroke," there is no getting Mr. Cook off it; and once on the pedal, a famous German pianist adheres to it with equal pertinacity (witness the last movement of one of Beethoven's finest sonatas, a fortnight since). Now, if it was only arranged that the great pedal should be muzzled during the fugued *finale* ("a tre voce, con alcune licenzie") I think that a most interesting and instructive display would be the result. Pray assist me in this matter, and count upon the gratitude of—Yours, very faithfully,

LAVENDER PITT.

EVERYBODY interested in organs and organ-building will be glad to learn that Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. are about publishing, by subscription, a new and considerably augmented edition of "The Organ; its History and Construction," by E. J. Hopkins and E. F. Rimbault. The new edition will contain important matter bearing upon recent improvements, as well as show a thorough revision of what has already appeared in print. A large number of diagrams will illustrate the letter-press. The work is to be brought out in one vol. royal 8vo, 700 pp.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—Beethoven's great Mass in D is to be performed at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, as we are informed, without alteration or curtailment. The same composer's *Choral Fantasia* is also to be given—the two works, thus combined, forming a programme of singular interest. As his enterprise progresses Mr. Barnby seems to acquire more and more confidence.

[March 5, 1870.]

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mrs. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS gave a *Soirée musicale* on Tuesday evening, in the Beethoven Room, to a large and fashionable audience. The programme included Weber's Mass in G, sung by the ladies and gentlemen of Mrs. J. H. Andrews' choral class. The solos were given by Mrs. J. H. Andrews, Miss A. Smyth, Mrs. Hirschfield (late Miss Anne Jewell), Miss Webb, with Messrs. Bird, Hayes, and the Rev. W. G. Martin, who conducted most efficiently. After the Mass, "God is a Spirit," from Dr. Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* was given, with Henry Smart's charming part song, "Ave Marie," and Coward's "Take thy Banner," which closed the first part. The second part consisted of a miscellaneous selection, commencing with "The Spring;" Signor Ciabatta's excellent rendering of Paladilhe's "Mandolinata" obtained an encore, and the same compliment was given to the artistic singing of Miss H. Edith and Gertrude E. Andrews in Stern's duet, "The Woodlands;" the latter also sang with much taste a song from Weber's *Oberon*. Mrs. Hirschfield was encored in a song by Mrs. J. H. Andrews, called "The Rainbow." Mrs. E. S. Pratten played solos on the guitar, and Mr. J. M. Wehli, his own arrangement for the pianoforte, on airs from *Rigoletto*. Mrs. J. H. Andrews and Miss. M. F. Andrews, with G. S. Minson, accompanied.

THE first concert of the fourth season of the Schubert Society took place on Thursday, 24th February, the first part of the programme formed by compositions of Franz Schubert. His celebrated string quartet in A minor ("Hungarian") opened the evening, capably played by Herren Ludwig, Jung, Eberwein, and Schubert; the programme included, also, a song, "As o'er the Alps he ranges," sung by Mr. Renwick; "Adieu," Miss Mayfield; "Weary Flowers," Mr. Stedman; and a violoncello solo, the charming "Ave Maria," played with much feeling by Herr Schubert. The second part was miscellaneous, including a sonata for piano and violin, Mozart, Herr Schrattenholz and Herr Ludwig; solo, pianoforte, *Concertstück* (Weber), Herr Schrattenholz. Miss Barry Eldon made her first appearance, since her return from the Continent, and earned hearty applause for Bishop's "Bid me discourse;" she was joined by Miss Mayfield in a duet from Mr. Macfarren's *Sky Stoops to Conquer*. The latter lady sang also Randegger's charming song, "Peacefully slumber" (violoncello *obbligato*, Herr Schubert); and was joined by Mr. Stedman in Nicolai's duet, "One word." Mr. Renwick gave Hatton's "Wreck of the He-Perus." The rooms were crowded, and the concert was a success. The next will be devoted to some of Schumann's instrumental and vocal compositions.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER, the well-known contralto, gave a musical entertainment at Drury Lane Theatre, on Ash Wednesday, to a fair audience. The feature of the programme was Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, in which the solos were assigned to Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Baxter, Mr. R. Larwill, and Herr Stepan. The chorus and band, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt (Mr. J. T. Willy, leader). A selection from Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*, in which Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Baxter, Mr. Renwick, and Mr. Byron, took part (Madame Baxter being encored in "Sleep, it is a gentle thing," and Mr. Byron in "The Harbour Bay"), closed the first part. The second consisted of an *olla podrida*, vocal and instrumental, too long by far for detailed description. Amongst the things most worthy of notice was the part singing of the St. Cecilia Choral Society (under Mr. Hargitt), a brilliant duet for two pianofortes (Mendelssohn and Moscheles) on the March from *Preciosa*, by Miss Emma Barnett and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and the singing of Madame Laura Baxter, in Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor," accompanied by the band. Messrs. L. Sloper, Ganz, F. Mori, and Zerbini were among the various conductors and accompanists.

THE Students of the Royal Academy of Music gave a concert, on Thursday evening. The following was the programme, executed in all cases with earnest care, and in some with more than average ability:—

"Allegro Maestoso" and "Largo Pastorale," from Grand Duet in A, for two pianofortes, Moscheles (Miss Bainsfather and Miss Jessie Ferrari); Glee, "Swiftly from the mountain's brow," Webbe (Miss Pocklington, Miss E. Gardner, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Parry); Aria, "Dalla sua pace," Mozart (Mr. Shakespeare); Six Variations, on Air in F, Op. 34, Pianoforte, Beethoven (Miss Field); Chamber Duet, "Langue gene," Handel (Miss Goode and Miss Marion Severn); Andante, in C, Flute, Mozart (Mr. Cook); Aria, "Cangio d'aspetto" (*Admeto*), Handel (Miss Marion Severn); Sonata, in F, Pianoforte, Mozart (Miss L. Gardner); Romanza, "La dea del Lago," Donizetti (Miss Rebecca Jewell); Capriccio, in E minor, Pianoforte, Mendelssohn, and Arabesque, Pianoforte, Schumann (Miss Taylor); Songs: "To Chloe in Sickness" and "May Dew," W. S. Bennett (Miss Ferrari); Valse, in A flat, Op. 42, Pianoforte, Chopin (Miss Channell); Song, "Zuleika," Mendelssohn (Miss Pocklington); Madrigal, "All creatures now are merry minded," Benet (by all the Students). Among the vocalists, Miss Marion Severn, Miss

Rebecca Jewell, and Miss Ferrari, made the "hits" of the evening, Miss Severn in Handel's "Cangio d'aspetto," Miss Jewell in a *Romanza* by Donizetti, and Miss Ferrari in Professor Bennett's "May Dew," all three skilfully accompanied by Miss Jessie Ferrari. Miss Townsend, Mr. Heywood, and Mr. Wingham accompanied the other vocal pieces. Miss L. Gardner deserves a word of praise for her performance of a sonata, by Mozart, and Miss Taylor another for that of Mendelssohn's Capriccio, in E minor.

NORTH-WEST AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—A vocal and instrumental concert was given by this society, at the Eyre Arms, on Thursday evening, Feb. 24, under the direction of Mr. W. Beavan. The singers were Madame Florence Lancia, Misses K. Poyntz, J. Royd, Sinclair, and Scott, Messrs. Nottingham and Morant, with the choir of the society. The instrumentalists were Miss Kate Roberts, Messrs. Lazarus, T. H. Wright, Buziau, W. Beavan, Mori, J. Beavan, and Bartle. It would be tedious to select any artist in particular for commendation, inasmuch as everything was applauded, and almost everyone "re-called." The choir evinced good training in Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," the execution of which reflected credit alike on the members and on their conductor, Mr. W. Beavan. Miss Poyntz gave the solo part admirably. The concert was attended by a large and appreciative audience.

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MR. JOHN BOOSEY'S ASH WEDNESDAY.

Ash Wednesday was celebrated at St. James's Hall by a "Grand Concert of Sacred and Ballad Music," organized by Mr. John Boosey, the success of whose Ballad Concerts is notorious. The first part of the programme was devoted to music either directly or indirectly of a sacred character. It commenced with Becker's part song, "The Little Church," by the Orpheus Glee Union. This was followed by "O rest in the Lord," sung by Miss Julia Elton; Madame Sainton's "If thou wouldest reap," by Miss Edith Wynne; "In native worth," by Mr. Vernon Rigby; and Monsieur Lemmens' "Legend of the Crossbill," by Madame Lemmens. It is needless to say how well these pieces were sung. The first part ended with a selection from Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, beginning with "Trust in the Lord," sung with much earnestness by Mr. Maybrick; "Love not the world," by Madame Patey; "Come ye Children," by Mr. Vernon Rigby, and "O that thou hadst hearkened," by Miss Wynne, were all excellently rendered, and the last encored.

The characteristic *scena*, "I will arise," was given by the incomparable singer for whom the tenor music of the oratorio was expressly written, and whose admirable delivery of this and other pieces produced so profound an impression on the production of the work at last year's Worcester Musical Festival. Not then, or at any previous period in his career, has Mr. Sims Reeves sung more grandly. In elevation of style, intense and genuine pathos, admirable phrasing, and general refinement, his performance was one of those rare examples of intellectual conception and highly-finished vocal art, for which no amount of praise can be in excess; and so the audience seemed to think, judging from the enthusiastic applause bestowed on the singer, whose first entry, indeed, was greeted with a warmth which proved that the disappointment sometimes manifested when he is too unwell to sing, is really so great because of the estimation in which he is held. The quartet, "The Lord is nigh," by the four singers first named, terminated the selection from Mr. Sullivan's work, which was accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer.

The second part was altogether miscellaneous, including, "Come into the garden, Maud," and "Tom Bowling," by Mr. Reeves, who was again received with acclamations, and had to repeat the first. Other songs, by various singers, madrigals by the glee party, and a pianoforte fantasia brilliantly played by Miss Kate Roberts, made up the remainder of the concert, which attracted a full room. Mr. J. L. Hatton conducted.

H. L.

A VISIT TO BEETHOVEN'S TOMB.*

A short time after my arrival in Vienna, in 1835, I engaged as music-master a member of the Burgtheater. He was by no means a virtuoso, but he knew enough for my purpose, and, as he spoke French pretty well, I was always pleased to see him. One day, the conversation turned upon Beethoven. "I have often seen him," said my master. "He was decidedly the most eccentric man you could find on the face of the globe. I should never end were I to tell you all the strange things attributed to him during his lifetime. He was as capricious as a woman. One evening, at a party given by Prince Lieb-

* From the *Guide Musical*.

nowaky, who had invited him solely on account of his talent, for, as a rule, it was impossible to get a word out of him, he persisted in refusing to play anything. Some of the ladies went so far as to go down upon their knees, and yet were unable to prevail on him to approach the piano. He appeared to be continually immersed in thought; his frequent fits of absence of mind have become proverbial, and Kotzebue has borrowed one or two touches of him for one of his little comedies.

"One day that I was dining at the Swan, an inn where Beethoven, too, usually dined, I saw him enter. He took off his hat and top-coat, and, leaning his head upon one hand, remained buried in thought. The waiter went up and enquired what he would like for dinner. He got no answer. Thinking he had not been heard, he repeated his question, but again with no effect. After three-quarters of an hour had elapsed, Beethoven, who had remained perfectly motionless, seemed to rouse up suddenly. He called the waiter and asked how much he had to pay. 'Nothing,' said the man, 'you have not had anything.' 'Have not I?' said Beethoven, with an air of great surprise; 'well, never mind.' With these words, he got up, took his hat, and left the place.

"He had some singular caprices. He would remain an entire week without opening a piano; then he would be seized, all of a sudden, with a fury for music, so to speak, and play for whole nights without taking any rest. One day, I behaved very badly to him. It is a long time ago. I was very young, and he, poor fellow, was beginning to suffer the first attacks of the deafness, which rendered his life a torture, and certainly curtailed it. The doctors had recommended him to go and drink the waters at Baden, a little town four leagues off. Beethoven was poor. He hired a room in the house occupied by the mother of my wife. I was then paying my addresses to the latter. As often as my profession would permit, I used to go from Vienna to Baden to see the young lady. One day, I found both her and her mother in great distress. Their room was separated from Beethoven's only by a door, which was kept locked. He had played incessantly the two previous nights, and the poor women had not been able to get a moment's rest. 'I will settle that,' I said to them.

"In the evening, Beethoven retired early, but about ten o'clock he got out of bed, and, putting on a large great coat, which served him as a dressing-gown, came and seated himself at the piano, which was placed with its back close to the door. My eye could follow, through the key-hole, all his movements. He opened the piano. His fingers, thin, but agile and strong, began coursing over the key-board, of which each key seemed to be a human voice. Ah, sir, what chords! and how the performer's eyes flashed in the darkness! I remained two hours without daring to move; I no longer breathed; my thoughts were, so to speak, broken off; and the only fact by which I perceived I was still alive was that tears were inundating my face and hands. I at length recollect, however, my promise, and what I had to do in order to carry it out. I hesitated for a long time; but, having gone so far, I felt ashamed to beat a retreat; besides, I was in love; this is a sentiment which you treat rather lightly in your country, but, with us, it is serious and powerful, rendering us capable of doing anything. It caused me to commit a bad action; yes, an act of impurity, a crime. In the midst of a piece of extempore playing to which the angels might have listened in religious silence, I began playing something in a different key. Beethoven started and instantly left off. I heard him get up, shut the piano, and go to bed. He did this without complaining, without a single impatient word." "Poor Beethoven!" I exclaimed, "How could you act in such a manner? you who are a musician too!" "Well, sir, as I told you, I was young and in love. What I then did, without understanding all its import, I would not do now for a fortune, and I am poor, as you know.—I can't say whether Beethoven understood my object," he continued, "but his piano was heard no more at night as long as he remained at Baden, where, as you are aware, he did not get cured. A great many years elapsed; he was living obscurely at Vienna; people thought little about the man of genius, obliged to work hard every day to obtain bread for the morrow. It was vaguely known that there resided in one of the suburbs a great musician, named Ludwig van Beethoven, one of whose symphonies was performed now-and-then, but no person thought of extending a helping hand to him, though he was worn out by age, infirmity, and disappointment. At length something happened and attracted public attention to the rival of Haydn and Mozart. I refer, sir, to the news of his death. Those who had done nothing for him during his life, bestirred themselves, when he no longer needed anything. Meetings were held, and a subscription was opened, to erect a monument to him and defray the expenses of his funeral. They had not then found, in an old piece of furniture belonging to him, the sum of 3000 florins, which the poor fellow had put there and forgotten. Like many others, I received an invitation to make one of those who were to accompany him to his last home. I have kept it as a memento. It ran thus:—

"The world of music lost the celebrated composer, Ludwig van Beethoven, on the 26th March, 1827, about six o'clock in the evening. He died in consequence of an attack of dropsy, at the age of 57. He received the sacraments of the Church. On the 29th March, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the funeral procession will start from the residence of the deceased, situated in the Red House, No. 200, in the Währingerstrasse suburb. Those taking part in it will assemble on the glacis at the Scotch Gate."

"I went, and must own that the procession was numerous and worthy of Beethoven. The corpse was taken to the Church of the Holy Trinity, and thence to the cemetery of Währing, a little village half a league from Vienna."—"Do you mind going there with me?" I asked the musician. "What day?"—"When you choose"—"Make it to-morrow then. Be at the Scotch Gate at ten punctually. I will meet you." The next day I proceeded to the place of meeting. My music-master had got there before me, and was quietly smoking his pipe till I came. We walked on together across the glacis.—"Look," he said, "you are now on the spot where the procession was formed. All this vast space of ground was occupied by ten thousand persons. In the presence of the man of genius, when he was no more, all distinctions ceased: nobles and plebeians, rich and poor, advanced indiscriminately, with their heads uncovered, and on foot. One thing especially grand and dignified, and which struck me very much, was the imposing and majestic silence which reigned in the serried ranks of the crowd when the coffin appeared. At that moment the ten thousand persons possessed only one heart. You perceive opposite us, a little to the left, a house touching that old church, which has been turned into a warehouse for military stores; that is where Beethoven lived; that is where he composed his last work. Those are his windows on the third floor. How often he must have cast a glance of reproach upon the city which was allowing him to die without a mark of sympathy! What a sad end for an artist like him to see himself thus deserted at his last moments, and to be reduced to doubt the immortality of his fame as he breathed his last! And now, sir, if you please, we will go and see the place where his ashes rest!"

We went down the Währingerstrasse suburb, and, passing the Josephine Academy, reached the Währing Gate, and, shortly afterwards, the village of the same name. We followed the principal street, which traverses its entire length, and we admired the pretty white houses which are painted every year, on the return of the fine weather. Some hundred paces farther on, we perceived the cemetery. It was small, but its charming position, in the midst of the fields, and the delicious view the visitor enjoys from within its precincts, had rendered it fashionable for some years past; every one wanted to be buried there. As I approached, I read the following sentence engraved over the entrance:—"Deine Auferstehung ist die Stärke unserer Hoffnung." ("Thy Resurrection is the Strength of our Hope.") We entered the lodge occupied by the porter. He was out, but his wife, who was very busy, informed us that he had gone to invite the doctor and the curate to dinner. "We always ask them twice a year," said the good woman, with truly German naïveté. "Quite right," I thought to myself, "the one supplies your husband with his customers, and the other brings them." Not wishing to disturb her in her important occupation, we begged her to give us some idea as to where Beethoven's tomb was situated.—"Oh, yes!" she said, "you mean the musician's tomb, don't you? There, go down that path, and keep looking to the left; you can't fail to find it. It is a singular thing," she added, "we have a host of nobles in magnificent tombs, but no one goes to visit them, while every one wants to see Herr van Beethoven's, who, after all, was only a musician." We did as she told us, and soon came near the monument for which we were in search. There was nothing ostentatious about it, but it was noble and appropriate. It is a small pyramid cut off short at the base, with no ornament except a lyre and a butterfly placed in the middle of a circle formed by a serpent with its tail in its mouth. The lyre, is the lyre of Beethoven; the butterfly is the soul, the Psyche of the Ancients; and the serpent is immortality, a graceful emblem of the Greeks, an emblem borrowed by our religion from Paganism. Those who erected the mausoleum, have given proof of their good taste and their sense, for it bears no inscription but the single word:

BEETHOVEN.

It is there, not far from another artist, young Schubert, who was following in his footsteps, and whose graceful ballads were beginning to be generally known—it is there, under a modest tomb in a country cemetery that the greatest musician of our age repose. A shrub, still young, but full of strength and life—I think it is a median—had grown up by chance at the head of the monument, and was beginning to shade it with its thick foliage. The Ancients, whose ideas were always so full of poetry, would not have failed to invest this tree with a sacred character; they would have said that Beethoven's genius had taken refuge under its bark, and become mixed up with its life-giving

sap. We, who are men of a positive nature, or represent ourselves as such, merely see in this case a tree like any other. Yet who knows whether the opinion of the Greeks is not worth as much as ours! The mysteries of Nature are secret and veiled; who has ever penetrated them—who will ever probe them?

I respectfully plucked a small branch of Beethoven's medlar; I have had it carefully framed, and for nothing in the world would I exchange this relic of the author of *Fidelio*.

ALFRED GROS.

—o—

WAIFS.

Signor Perucchini, a composer, and an old friend of Rossini, has just died at Venice, aged eighty-six.

A correspondent of *La France Muscale* says that Gounod's *La Colombe* will be produced at the Lyceum after *Le Petit Faust*.

Madame Patti is expected to arrive in Paris on the 10th or 12th inst. She will make her *rentrée* at the Italiens on the 15th.

M. François Bazin has received from the King of Prussia the order of the Royal Crown.

Signor Luca Fumagalli has been named Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

Signor A. Biaggi, of Milan, has just finished a memoir of Rossini, five hundred pages long.

The revival of *Robert* at the Grand Opéra has been postponed consequent upon the illness of Madame Carvalho.

Mdlle. Schneider is to make her first appearance in Dublin on March 14th.

Mdme. Patti has had her *angine* at St. Petersburg; and Mdme. Lucca has had her *angine* at Berlin. Mdlle. Nilsson sojourns nearer the equator.

The inauguration concert which was to have taken place on Monday night at Dr. Hayne's new music hall, at Eton College, was unavoidably postponed in consequence of the death of one of the Eton boys.

The *Scotsman* (who ought to know) says that the perfection of Mdlle. Tietjen's Scotch accent and pronunciation is truly marvellous for one not born and brought up to the north of the Tweed.

The fête given by M. Offenbach to the artists of the Bouffes-Parisiens and Variétés was a success. None of the guests went home till morning.

No fewer than 937 persons are connected in some capacity or other with the Munich Operahouse. The Chapel Royal supports two *maitres* and 101 subordinates.

Nine examples of German nobility are engaged at the Berlin Court Theatre, among them a princess (Marie Taglioni), a countess (Erhardt), two baronesses (Lucca and Mallinger), and two barons (Wilhelm and Kruger).

It is notified that on the first of March will appear the first number of a new daily financial paper, entitled the *Financier*, and conducted by the gentleman who, after holding the City editorship of the London *Daily News* for nearly twenty years, has just resigned it.

Mdlle. Nilsson will take a benefit at the Grand Opéra before leaving for London; the proceeds of which she has, beforehand, devoted to the Associations for the relief of musical and dramatic artists. Says *Le Ménestrel*: "Christine Nilsson a tantôt de cœur que de talent." So she has.

The Parisians regret the loss of Mdlle. Reboux, one of the most promising of the Grand Opéra troupe. She is engaged by Mr. Gye, and leaves immediately for London. The artists of the Porte Saint-Martin, who make part of the company engaged for a series of performances in London, have received notice to be in readiness for departure.

Mendelssohn's *Linda Sion*, and (for the first time in this country), Cherubini's Grand Mass, No. 2, will be performed, at the Catholic Church, St. John's Wood, on Sunday, March 13th and April 17th (Easter Sunday), with a full orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Mr. Charles J. Hargitt.

A musical contemporary made two curious mistakes in his last number. First, he spoke of Prince Poniatowski as a royal person; and, next, announced that M. Arber had received "The Grand Cross, the most honourable of Turkish orders." Our contemporary should know that the "Grand Cross" is not an order at all, but a grade of the Osmanli.

From America we learn of the production of a new burlesque, entitled *Seven*, at the Tammany, New York, and of the immediately

forthcoming representation of a spectacle, entitled *The Twelve Temptations*, at the Grand Operahouse, and a version of *Frou-Frou*, at the Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Howard Paul has obtained a great success at the French Theatre in the *Grand Duchesse*.

In the present dearth of good singers, and especially of good tenors, the news from Italy about Signor Perotti, whose performances at Turin, Rome, and Florence (now, during the "Carnival") are unanimously extolled, will be received with general satisfaction. What we hear induces us to believe that Messrs. Gye and Mapleton, on one hand, or Mr. Wood, on the other, would do well to look after Sig. Perotti.

The new theatre in the Strand has finally received the name of "The Vaudeville." It is to be opened at Easter, under the management of Messrs. Montague, Thorne, and James. Engagements have already been made with Messrs. George Hone, W. H. Stevens, and Henry Irving; Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Amy Fawsitt, Miss Nelly Power, &c.

A short comic opera by Mr. Ferdinand Wallerstein—entitled *Quick March*—now serves to prepare the minds of the audience at the Queen's for the reception of a graver entertainment afforded by Mr. Tom Taylor's new play. It is of the school which delighted our fathers in the days when a drama, interspersed with a few ballads, and, perhaps, a duet or so, was deemed operatic, and the decline of which is sometimes lamented by living Nestors.

Miss Amy Weddie, of whom report speaks highly, as an interpreter of pianoforte music, belonging to the so-called "romantic school," is to make her appearance at St. James's Hall on St. Patrick's Eve, in a fantasia, by Mr. Willie Pape (her instructor), entitled "Irish Diamond." "Miss Weddie," writes the *Portsmouth Times*, "our musical readers may remember, played at the Portland Hall, as a child, and delighted all who heard her."

According to the French newspapers the Viceroy of Egypt has launched out so extravagantly that he is now unable to be munificent in mere luxuries. The directors of the opera at Alexandria, MM. Pisani and Parmeggiani, have resigned on account of the small sum given to them to cover the losses of their lesseeship. It is added that the celebrated *impresario*, M. Carvalho, has left Paris to offer his services to the Viceroy.

The following will be the programme of the Berlioz Festival, to be given at the Grand Opéra on the 8th inst.:—Overture (*Eymont*), Beethoven; air (*La Captive*), Berlioz; duet (*L'Enfance du Christ*), Berlioz march (*Harold en Italie*), Berlioz; quintet and septet (*Les Troyens*), Berlioz; finale (*Romeo et Juliet*), Berlioz; overture (*Le Carnavale Romain*), Berlioz; air (*Alceste*), Gluck; air (*La Damnation de Faust*), Berlioz; duet (*Beatrice et Bénédict*), Berlioz; finale (*La Vestale*), Spontini.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* writes as follows:—

"I am sure that all musical England and Ireland will be glad to hear that, on account of the great success of the *Bohemian Girl*, Mr. Balfé received yesterday from the Emperor the decoration of the Legion of Honour. I am happy to say that the last created chevalier is better; but even yet he does not go out, and he has indeed had a very trying time during this Russian winter.

We read the following in the *Sydney Empire*, of December 31:—

"Intelligence was received by the mail steamer, 'Geelong,' of the death of Mr. Frank Howson, vocalist, brother of Madame Albertazzi, and father of the Misses Emma and Clelia, and Messrs. Frank A. and J. Jerome Howson, who composed the Howson opera troupe. Deceased, who was fifty-two years of age, came to Australia in 1842, and was for twenty years a member of the musical profession in these colonies, associated with Miss Catherine Hayes, Madame Anna Bishop, and Lady Don, in the performance of operas and operettas. Three years ago he sailed with his family for California. While in San Francisco, he was attacked by illness, and while proceeding to New York, to obtain medical advice, he died at Omaha, Idaho county."

The late Mr. John Dryden ("Glorious John") is said to have addressed the following epigram to the director of the Monday Popular Concerts, before the director of the Monday Popular Concerts was born—which last fact may account for his (Glorious John's) mistaking German for French:—

"We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like them?—they are French.
Therefore, some go with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding;
Each lady striving to, &c.
To make it seem they understand, &c.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us English where to clap the play."

The real fact is that the Germans, not the French, are showing us "what's what."

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* gives us the subjoined brief and graphic narration:—

"We are in full carnival, and entertainments of every kind are compelling all classes to turn night into day. A thoroughly original fete was held last night by M. Offenbach, who thus fittingly signalized his return to Paris. He gave a ball and supper to the actors and actresses of *Les Bouffes Parisiens*, and *Les Variétés*, where pieces of his are now played. I will not describe what took place within M. Offenbach's rooms; but as the entertainment was in the Grand Hôtel, it is allowable to note the scene in the court-yard of that much-visited establishment. The supper was ordered for one o'clock, when all the orderly people in the hotel were, or ought to have been, in bed. A good many men, however, assembled under the glass roof; for it had been noise that the prettiest actresses in Paris were to be M. Offenbach's guests, and that the king had ordered his fair subjects to come in fancy dress. Accordingly, as carriage after carriage drove up, out came pair after pair of dainty feet; and tight little figures, all opera-cloak and legs, ran bewildered about the court-yard. Some of the ladies were not unknown to some of the men, and these ill-bred youths amused themselves by misdirecting the innocent damsels, eventually making them run the gauntlet of a double file of active eyes and jesting tongues. The male guests being in ordinary evening dress escaped remark, but the celebrities of the hour—Mlle. Blanche d'Autigny, Mlle. Devéria, Mlle. Schneider e tutte quante—came in for at least as much *badiane* as the young ladies in their *ballet* costume. The confusion became worse confounded when wonderful uniforms, and marvellous costumes, returned from the Tuilleries ball—not to go to M. Offenbach's. An odd scene—*mais que voulez vous?* Is it not Carnival time?"

An interesting pamphlet, on the relations existing between French composers and the operahouses subsidized by the State, has just been published at Paris, from the pen of M. Guy de Charnacé. After enlarging on the importance of music as an agent in promoting civilization and national advancement, the greater facilities for its cultivation placing it within reach of the masses who are debarred from the enjoyment of the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, M. Charnacé pleads for an increased supply of funds from the public purse, but, at the same time, urges the necessity for greater care in the expenditure and a more definite searching for results. Thus he would impose upon the directors of the theatres a more serious code of instructions as to the execution and production of new works, in order that the tax-payers should obtain some idea of the utility of their contributions, and of the manner in which their money is spent. The programmes of the Conservatoire Concerts and of the Opéra Comique he would divide equally between music of the past and present. The Théâtre Lyrique he would devote specially to the performance of the works of new composers. The Théâtre Italien he would make a cosmopolitan arena for foreign operas, or for those of French authors specially composed for it. He further recommends the appointment of a committee for the examination of new lyric works, its members to be men unconnected with the theatrical establishments; and he advises the application of 100,000 francs annually to the performance and publication of new works by French composers. The scheme thus placed before the French Parliament at the time when, in voting supplies, these subjects will naturally be considered, is exciting some attention in Paris, and we shall, doubtless, hear of it again ere long. Already M. de Charnacé has been invited by the Minister of Fine Arts to discuss with him the suggestions contained in his pamphlet.—*Choir.*

We are apt to think that London monopolizes the good music heard in England, save when London goes to the country to hold high festival. This idea is far from correct. Some provincial towns are equal to the metropolis as regards activity and the facilities for gratifying an artistic taste. What Mr. Hallé has done at Manchester everybody knows, but we wish to illustrate our remarks more particularly by reference to Liverpool. In this great seaport music is chiefly represented by a Philharmonic Society, of which Mr. Benedict is conductor. This society gives twelve concerts yearly—concerts of high character as regards the selections. What music pleases the Liverpudlians, and how much they get, may be seen from the following catalogue of works performed during the last two years:—

"Oratorios, Masses, and Sacred Cantatas.—Handel: *Messiah* (twice), *Judas Macabaeus*, and Coronation Anthem (*Zadok the Priest*). Haydn: *Creation* and the *Seasons* (Spring and Autumn). Mendelssohn: *Elijah*, 95th Psalm, and 'Hear my Prayer.' Beethoven: Mass in C. W. Sterndale Bennett: *The Woman of Samaria*. Gounod: *Messe de Sainte Cecile*. Rossini: *Messe Solemnelle* and *Stabat* (twice). Cantatas and choral works, with orchestral accompaniments.—Mendelssohn: *Midsummer Night's Dream*; *Finale* and choruses from *Loreley*. J. F. Barnett: *Ancient Mariner*. Benedict: *Richard Cœur de Lion*. Symphonies.—Beethoven: No. 3, *Eroica*; No. 4, B flat; No. 5, C minor; No. 6, *Pastoral*; No. 7, A major. Haydn: No. 8, E flat; and No. 10, E flat. Mendelssohn: *Reformation* (twice), and No. 4, A major (*Italian*). Mozart: E flat and G minor. Spohr: No. 5, in C Minor. Overtures.—Auber: *Exhibition*, *Fiancée*,

Gustave, *Masaniello*, *Les Diamants*, *Leocadie*, *Le Serment*, *Zanetta*. Beethoven: *Eymont* and *Men of Prometheus*. Benedict: *Prinz von Homberg*. Boieldieu: *La Dame Blanche*. Cherubini: *Les Abencerrages* and *Medea*. Hérold: *Zampa*. Lindpaintner: *Faust*. Mendelssohn: *Athalie*, *Midsummer Night's Dream* (twice), and *Ruy Blas*. Meyerbeer: *Camp of Silesia*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, and *Struensee*. Méhul: *Joseph* and *Chasse du Jeune Henri*. Mozart: *Così fan tutte*, *Seraglio*, and *Zauberflöte*. Nicolai: *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Onslow: *Le Colporteur*. Rossini: *Italians in Algeri*, *Gazza Ladra*, *Semiramide*, and *Guillaume Tell*. Spohr: *Der Beyergeist* and *Last Judgment*. Weber: *Ruler of Spirits*, *Euryanthe*, and *Preciosa*. Wagner: *Tannhäuser*. Concertos and solos with orchestral accompaniments.—Violin: Beethoven's Concerto, Ernst's fantasia, *Otelio*, E. W. Thomas's *Baccharelli* and *Tarantelle*. Violoncello: Carl Eckert's *Concertstück*, B. Romberg's *Adagio* and *Rondo* from *Concert Suisse*. Pianoforte: Mendelssohn's *Rondo* in B minor (twice), Mozart's Concerto for two pianofortes in E flat; Chopin's *Adante Spianato* and *Polonaise*."

For comprehensiveness and quantity this list surpasses any that could be furnished by either of the metropolitan associations. We are glad therefore to direct attention to it. A little of the stimulus imparted by an unfavourable contrast with what was never suspected to have a chance of rivalry may do great good.

—o—

NEW MUSIC.

Twilight Fancies. Twelve Pieces for the Pianoforte. Composed by EDMUND T. CHIPP, (Op. 12.) [London: Samson & Co.]

ONLY by courtesy can these compositions be placed under the head of new music, because they were really first published some years ago by another firm. However, they deserve a second notice in virtue of more than common excellence. Mr. Chipp has written throughout with more or less of facility and grace; but some of his "Fancies" claim precedence over the rest. We may mention as examples, No. 2, "And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind;" No. 4, descriptive of the gentle whispering of young leaves; and No. 8, "The Chase." In these, and others, the melody and its accompaniment show a fine poetic feeling, and considerable imaginative power. It was perhaps, a foregone conclusion that Mr. Chipp would, to some extent imitate the Mendelssohn *Lieder*, but no one could have anticipated his No. 5, which in key, form, and mode of accompaniment, is the counterpart of the *Lied* in C minor, Book 3, No. 2. The resemblance here is so great that Mr. Chipp can only escape the Scylla of plagiarism by the Charybdis of ignorance.

What do the Angels dream of, Mother? Semi-sacred Song. Melody of CHARLES GOUNOD. [London: Metzler & Co.]

A very simple and, withal, a pleasing melody is this of M. Gounod's. It suits the character of the words admirably, by reason of the tender feeling expressed. The song is in all respects easy, and may count upon public favour.

Heandsheando Waltz. For the Pianoforte. By J. F. BORSCHITZKY. [London: Augener & Co.]

This is an odd production. It purports to be a waltz, while, at the same time, it assumes to illustrate an "argument" which takes an entire page of close print to set forth in words. The introduction, five figures, and *finale* are so many acts of a drama much too long for discussion here. Let it suffice that the story is very amusing, and not less so the manner in which the music and narrative fit each other. Looking at the waltz as a waltz,—but nobody is ever likely to do such a thing, and why should we?

Appoggiatura versus Acciaccatura Polka. For the Pianoforte. By J. F. BORSCHITZKY. [London: Augener & Co.]

The object of this polka, which otherwise has no special merit, is to enforce the difference between the graces mentioned in its title. So far it is certain to be useful, especially to young people, who, assuredly, would never forget the lesson.

La Spaniola. Arranged as a Solo for the Harp. By F. GLADSTANE. [London: Gladstone.]

This arrangement of an attractive melody is easy, and in all respects adapted to the capacity of amateurs. There is not too much harp-music of the sort available.

The Wee Pet Mazurka. For the Pianoforte. Composed by LOUISE WIESE. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

There are mazurkas and mazurkis,—this belongs to the better sort. Excellent as to rhythm, melody, and variety; useful, moreover, from the comparative absence of difficulty, this piece will everywhere be in favour with the lovers of its kind.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NOVELLO, EWER, & CO.—"Four Hymns," set to music by E. Stourton Flint.
 H. HENSHAW.—"Impediments of Speech, &c., their Causes and Cure." By Abbott Smith, M.D.
 ROBERT COCKS & CO.—"The band at a distance," by J. Priddyham, "Les Chamois," by F. V. Kornatzki, "O say not woman's heart is bought," by Adam Wright, "The Northern Star," and "Tell him I love him yet"—songs by Alfred Scott Gatty.

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